UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

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Original Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

When Evening comes with pleasure smile
To draw the couch of weary Day,
And o'er the boundless seat the while
Her mystic hues of glory play;
And silence spreads her downy wing
Our sentinel land, and rest on me,
And memory's round my spirit cling,
I think of thee!

When night is holy as the tomb,
And spares with me lone meditation,
Where, o'ercome by gloom,
Proclaims the prince of nature's soul
And thoughts of heaven is drawn
And downcaste of the Life to be!
Mean o'er my heart's deep inurlinese—
I think of thee!

When morning upon her dewy eyes
And wreaths her lips in smiles again,
And vocal are the freshened skies
With music from the great and plain;
And nowhere in life's pilgrim way
I meet with many more light and free,
And rest at the noon of day,
I think of thee!

When this sad eye is turned to view
The spirit lotus on Memory's tome,
The softness of her eyes deep blue,
Or cheek where rose-carnation blooms,
And can but own her mystic power,
With more and more I press
Still in that gay and rapturous hour
I think of thee!

And even now, as here I press
The silent smile of Rockaway,
And in my first wild ecstasy
The waves of ocean leap and play;
And voices of the bright and young
Are round me, mingling in the glee,
I turn me from the mirthful throng
To sing to thee!

S. SOLON, Jr.

Original Sketch.

A CAPE MAY DIAMOND;
OR,
A Stroll Along the Beach.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY ELIHU D. TARR

"I say a stranger to you," said a young man of pale visage, but expressive countenance, to a fellow gentleman, who sat upon the fragment of a wreck near the beach at Cape May. The old gentleman was stanched at the sound of the word—a near him, and the surprise evident upon his features soon gave place to a pleasant smile, as he replied, "We are all Strangers and Pilgrims here, and we are all brethren having a common Father, and Travellers on the same Eternity." This harsh system to the conversation, was as unwelcome as it was unexpected to the young man, who replied, "I have wandered from the far, and my existence among such pebble would not have been left upon the beach, but for the finding of a diamond, but have been unsuccessful." At this announcement the countenance of the old man shone with all warm natural brightness. His eyes—which age had somewhat dimmed—sparkled with delight. A heavenly smile played around his mouth, while his whole frame seemed to be infused with new life and vigor; and rising from his seat, he pressed with warmth and fervor the hand of the youth. "Come, my friend, take a seat beside him upon the wreck. His manner—his age—the circumstance of their meeting—the words "diamond" the vast music of the ocean—the surrounding sea of undulated down the youth, and he felt an affection and respect for his aged companion which he could not account for. He felt as if the formation of a few brief moments. The feeling while after they were united, nothing was heard but the low but incessant moan of the ocean, or the rapid speech of the waves as it spent itself upon the shore. During this time, the young man had taken his seat upon the sand, while the gaze of the other was fixed on the heavens. Both were wrapped in deep meditation. At length the old man drew from his pocket something carefully enveloped in paper, and wiping a stray tear from his furrowed cheek, he fixed his eye upon the youth and then addressed him: "I say you have, now kneel before in search of a diamond but have found none. I have now discovered three more and ten years. Strange as it may seem, at 45 years ago to-day, I, like yourself, strayed along this beach, in search of the same object. The fragment of a wreck upon which we now sit, was then here, but much larger, and in a more perfect state of preservation; but like this fond memorial of many, it is fast falling to decay. Here I stopped to rest, the existence of the distance I had come. I felt disappointed at my ill success, and was about to return. It was much such a day as this, and near this hour of the day. I gradually forgot my lonely situation, and lotted out with delight the future, cheered on by a slight form as, and invited the second course of each white sail that bounded over the boundless. The sight of the poor mariner and his family, I found the rage of the wind and dashing billow, and I called for the fate of the proud ship and her noble crew. The lightning's flash, and the loud peal of thunder, gracefully each seemed a present reality. I listened to the final look dashed mountain high, and the cries of the fearing every nerve to keep her from the fearful breakers but to vain—the elements are too powerful for human might, and the vessel struck on the dangerous reefs. A prey to their mercy. As I saw here and there a human form struggling with the angry billow, and unheavening the watch—a part of which I had faithfully grasped hold of the wreck upon which I was seated. This awoke me from my reverie. But unheeding my prize, I descended to the beach to get which I had taken hold, this small piece of painted board, which I carelessly took up, but finding it contained something, I got up to look at it, and found that it contained the very thing, the search for which had brought me here—a diamond. I viewed it with delight, and turned it over and over, gazing admiringly and admire brilliance and beauty. It is, as you see, a most precious gem. I have kept it ever since, and the same paper that it was first wrapped in I have guard upon it a thousand times, and so often once how been on to admire. But the most valuable part of my prize remained undiscovered or unobserved by me until some months after, when having taken it from my desk to again feast and fill my fancies, something in the reading of the paper aroused my attention, and for the first time I perused it. I will not tell you its contents. The thousand of its kind now care to me, it is therefore yours. It will enter you the gratification of deeper interest. I have long valued the precepts found upon the paper, more than the diamond itself. I exact but one promise in return for it. It is this, that you will at an early day read the secret page." The promise was given, and the aged man had expressions evidence expressed them. The young man retired to his lodgings, and soon after his return entered his room and exhibited with great ardor to him his gay companions. When the stillness of night seemed him to, and the moon had risen high in the heavens, he drew forth the paper, and by the assistance of a candle commenced its perusal. He read, and re-read the paper, and his cheek crimsoned with shame and confusion and mortification. He read, and trimming the expiring taper, he carefully scrutinized the paper, when he rye fell upon the sentence: "And Jesus said, Take heed and beware of evil counsel, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. But rather yourself large which was not old—*a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, no other moth corrupteth; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*"

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

In a certain great city of the new world, which shall be nameless, there once lived, and, in fact, lives still, a citizen, of one of those somewhat active forms than respected, but who maintained rather a dignified position in society, on the score of the possession of three hundred thousand dollars, justly or unjustly acquired, but which, in the estimation of the world, generally called good dollars—the second, with bonds and mortgages—the third, with certificates of the stock of various incorporations, no one of which divided less than ten per cent. per annum. These were the fruits of industry, and gave him equal claims with those highly favored fellow of the old world, possessing a coat of arms with thirty-six quarterings, and a pedigree derived from the most ancient and obscurity. And why should they not? It would be difficult to give a good reason why bonds, mortgages and stocks, good, fair, title of possessing nobility, should not confer equal rank and dignity, with lands acquired by the sword, inherited by regular and uninterrupted descent.

So thought at any rate our wealthy citizen, whose name was Caleb Plant, had, by dint of pointing over his ground at the right time, and in the right direction, a tolerable degree of well-earned store. He regaled occasionally his friends, and entertained them with a sight reference to upstart pretensions, and so far did good living, and good fellowship carry him, that he would have well-nigh lost forever—by which is meant, that she despised and rejected him—a very amiable and beautiful It is called forever curse in the way of Caleb and his name, but for the timely intervention of a certain old gentleman, who managed matters in such a manner that Caleb was saved from himself—by which is meant, that she despised and rejected him, and married another.

But though Caleb often said on her never could bring himself to say, or think, or hear others say, the worst corner of his heart a lurking consciousness of talent, and, whenever he came in contact with persons of real merit, felt, after all the pride and consequence of rank and wealth, that in the standard by which men estimated the value of each other in the end, he could not complete the distant shadow of a paper, as it lengthened over the plain, with all existing in the sun at noon, and the contact we compare it with the substance, the distance between is like measuring the rank, and the rich, and the power of things, which overshadow the humble and obscure. Nothing of new and remarkable in the mere objects of ostentation and decisive, when we find, in the course of time, that they are the fruits of the possession of a fool, or a madman. The way to estimate the value of things is to see how they stand in contact with each other, and set them in relation. It is then that the great talker of the room sinks into a fool, the rich man incapable of protecting his own wealth, and that the king becomes dependent on the basket-maker. Caleb often mused this lesson, and wished that it could be borne the wiser, or learned much from it, but he could not. Nature, as usual, was too unexpected for the ignoble pride of superior wealth. He was perpetually astonished at the absurdity of some of the men of talent, but he was quite unconscious, that the absurdity was in himself, and that he was the standard by which men of knowledge, or intellect, and in all circumstances, is the measure of the world. Hence he was astonished at the success of the most ignorant, and the failure of the most intelligent, and he was astonished at the success of the most ignorant, and the failure of the most intelligent, and he was astonished at the success of the most ignorant, and the failure of the most intelligent, and

our habitations only cost a silver mitred—and so was the size of the house—the garniture and adornment—the locker, kitchen, palace and storehouse—the library and its music portfolio, all depend upon the gold. There is not surprising that, in return to our circle, lunches of the same nature travel in the same cars. So it is—and in most be—not only here, but everywhere. When other distinctions of social rank are equal, and, pellet nobility is very glad to share coronets with merchant princes and to ennoble them, for pride, siblings and peace.

We are waiting for sensible people, and which we describe this age as they are, shall not be understood to say, it is wealth confers superiority, or that poverty implies its opposite. No, not that. We only seek to impose the possession of riches as a cause, and the absence of riches as an effect. These matters are not accidents—the true men and the true women of society are known equally, where the best men by his own genius, and the best and worth to set aside these artificial barriers. That country we believe is ours. At any rate, it should be nobility, the "aristocracy of office" principle is carried into the social classification—and for those lands in one generation, or almost time to be poor in the next, and vice versa. Often, too, as one life time extremes are experienced, and if our story have any moral, it is to exhibit the folly of pride of or shame instead upon mere accidental circumstances. Let us return to Frank Meredith.

After what we have said, it is clear that Meredith's exact position will be easily understood—he probably was, reader, less like a lover in your eyes, at this moment, than you before, he can safely accept all civilities tendered to him in the houses of the rich—have all invitations, and be sent at hand to offer his services and assistance to court where young ladies find young men absolutely necessary—in most respects women are apt, in this morbid day and generation, to choose precisely as did Mary in the last chapter, partners and seem find comparatively little danger in his powers. They know, and the danger is the stranger that she who marries him must either look to love in a cottage, or bring the means to furnish one of those palaces. Marriage with the Frank Meredith of society, is to abandon young society, and withdraw from fashionable life to a nursery. The poor bachelor can not in fashionable life, because, he is not expected to reciprocate costly attentions. If his mother could she would—but when a man or woman marries a home that is the end of that mother, or lady is unwell enough to ask him about them. They do, it seems, contract the same duties here as at present—don't you, ladies?

But there goes our audacious sewing girl, who we sadly disturbed Mary's philosophy. What—on a visit to Miss Meredith? Your own set, and in fashionable autumn now? We will follow the girl and see.

"I tried her, ma'am," said the girl, before she took the seat to which Mrs. M. beckoned her, with that distant dignity of other days. "I tried her, and she brushed her entire hair in half the time, because we now, and more than that, Miss Green said me that just as her time was up with Mrs. Modern, there need to come a sewing girl here with just such eyes, and just such a figure as this Miss Richardson has got, and that she was dreadful poor, and need to help Mrs. Madam terribly, and that her name was Mary, and that Miss Green herself used to help and shear her, and that all at once she disappeared, and that he is rather kind. Miss Green says she should know her in a minute, and she's going to take home her new white satin trousseau herself, to see. Such a quantity of new things as she does get made up!"

"Oh, I'm quite sorry," said Mrs. Meredith, "if when I lived in Waverley Place, her father gave a party to which we were invited, I thought there that I must have seen her somewhere. It's very likely that I might have seen her at Mrs. Modern's, for I was very often there," she added with a half suppressed sigh, as if she felt that she would never tyrannize over milliners again. In the same breath she remembered that Miss Richardson had now the privilege she had lost, and she could not help saying, "and I do think it was something and in the child's looks when I met her at her father's, and when she called on our door, that did say something about my dress, like a milliner, or some other low-bred person.

The visitor's eyes flashed so she answered, "I she did not see her long, and in that short sight I thought she was low bred."

Mrs. Meredith had made a mistake. All her character would not explain it away—for the shrewd girl knew that what had escaped in the conversation—even since was a natural exhibit of the speaker's true thoughts and actual prejudices. The conversation—since that the servant girl carried back to Miss Green, at the shop, a much better report of Mary Richardson than she felt Mary got justice to make.

Her course however found Frank. He is thoughtful and kind, but does not fulfil his promise with that of him. Some young fashionable friends of his have arranged an equestrian pleasure for the morrow—he has been voted excuse for a piano bulls, where somebody must bear, on account of her younger sister. Any other man could plead business—Frank dare not! They well know—he has not engaged himself to a lawyer and not his business that keeps him away—and pride must pay its penalty. But what is to make—he didn't like this ride will cream in his purse! He—he to the visitor will strain for cash on delivery to be presented out of that coin, which he was charged to complete on a certain day, and how are the honourable ladies small feel urged, to be satisfied about that unexpected draft? Young bachelors who not in fashionable life, with slender purses, do not always escape scot-free by having "no home."

CHAPTER III.

DISCOMFORT.

Frank Meredith was no horseman. How should he be? In the country he got learn to ride without cost—in the city no boys except the sons of the wealthy, and the outdoor cads ride for hereby. Frank was carried home with a broken leg, but his limb passed him less than his pride. They found that he was in too much agony to hear when one of his companions said—"What a terrible fall!" and he other asked, "Which of the twenty five families in this house does Frank belong to?"

Is it a dangerous fracture?" asked Mary Richardson of the young lady who told her the sudden news —and, to do Mary justice she did look pale, and did exhibit real interest—while one felt more than she acknowledged to herself.

Yes, and I believe you was right the other day," said her friend, "that you and Frank ought to be friends. His mother drew up such a horrid alley, Mr. Smith says.

Mary made no answer. If she could but follow her first best impulse! But no. Frank was not a boy —an selfish pride to the war, but she justly resented. Frank's cruelty would be. He could not desire to be his intimate acquaintance in his present condition, so to be shut out from all sympathy. Could he assume contrary views? Was he to pretend so wonderfully poor? Was he so impostor? Mary did not know her future, and the height of the conversation, inquired the name of the coast, and and—for a short time he was assuming the same dark existence once which he had gone a few years before to find a daughter. He stood at nurse and the very room! The boy upon the bed, delirious—the mother wiping her hands over into little better. Frank's sympathies were all his. He was confided their whole duty, to stay though, in describing a nurse given to Frank's assistance, which Mary could guess from their manner, that he was a true indigent sad here only succeeded that they had taken him to the hospital. They were careful as to say that one who lived in such lodgings had not the means of also accompanying them to a ride.

Before—or shall one his bedside. In the ravings of the wounded man he asserted to hear his daughter's name—he begged to be sent to Hoboken. He engaged her there and she in that hour of trial, while she remembered how different—had his pride at distance!

Must mother could! She made no objection, while he pretended, in his own straightforward way to assure a rich servant—not a servant indeed, and to offer each arrangement as was convenient to the patient's recovery and comfort. In a short word that did let slender one could—was explained, and a—in proper course—decided to his mother.

Richardson, upon his return, found Mary assuming quite a different tone. The mother was now sent apart by the latter in a reminder, when accident had expended, and that was to be the last time he would establish Mary on the ground which the mother had taken. Mary was to be a lady—and to be one she must now act and feel—it must exhibit a confidence that she was fit to be one—just as she was—and do—as they decided otherwise.

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Now the—the—Mary" interrupted Richardson, in the tone a mother, who knew him, and could tell by the tone a secret—"you must not be married to Frank. He is a boy and has supported her in her old age, and such a—and—in order that—marry—interest, but—Mary I do not consent to your marriage with Frank. He is a—and—and—and

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Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART, *September*, 1843.—The embellishments of this number are: A portrait of Fitz Greene Halleck, from an engrave by Lewis Jennings; a steel engraving of the Packet; My Pleasures, engraved on steel after W. Drummond, by A. L. Dick; My First Love, painted by G. T. Fleming and engraved by Dick.

The contents are: Hugh J. E. Faulding, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, by Mrs. Ellet; Sketches of Spain, by Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Annan, Hon. John L. Wilde, Rev. Lewis L. Noble, Francis D. Patterson, John H. Manning, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Caroline Cornell, Mrs. Rhoda Smith, and Edgar A. Poe; besides articles by anonymous correspondents. Editor's Table, &c., &c. Fitz Greene Halleck is one of the most distinctive styles of the new-al authors, prose and verse, ingenol, sentiment, agreeable descriptions of life and manners, antiquarian lore, and a vein of humor. The elegant and attractive a melange as well could be organized. Blessings on the man who first invented magazines—full of variety—the world of matter to be well consulted, and all descriptions of literature represented—in a nutshell." The anonymous writer of the prose thinks it worth to high for the price—only for September. We cannot the contributions of Judge Conrad.

DEATH. THE DELIVERER.

Pale, trembling watcher, by the dark grave's brink
Why dost thou falter? Wherefore dost thou shrink?
Death is the conqueror, and his victory sure;
His crowning footstep breaks upon thine ear—
Why dost thou start? Why dost thou look around?
Thy course is flagging like a dying steed;
Sorrow and fear, threatenest the shades of death.
Hollow the footsteps and cheerless the path
Thou the tried more wealth in the watery lay,
Wrestle from the ocean its pearls and its gold?
How vain the world fear the more still.
That we like a thousand years passing away still.
Tremulous and weeping to mark how fast decays
The verdant summer of thy life's existence!
Death is come, come, unless it come from High.
Why dost thou look so wistfully on the sky?
Expectedly, and yet with fear expectest
Which classed to mention, is not classed his soul.
Is it the bitterness of death that thou dreadest?
And in it well, when classed by Heaven again.
To mind the mind and pain?
And meet, with moody tears, God's own will—Death!
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Where cease dogs cease, and shake still before shade.
Death is not that fearful thing which men call death.
And none but preached by his own right hand.
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
None, when relieving nature, and to rest.
Open to a world of light and joy.
And praise join there, his griefs and perils past,
A refuge and a resting place at last.
What hopes, what joys should swell his grateful breast
To greet the one that opens heaven for him!
There no low sleep? There all of us must sleep.
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Like Abner monument, on whose hoary brow
Time's finger has written the record of years,
Life counts it season in counting years,
And, ready for the grave, it waits the call.
But for the friend, friend's unknown voice not?
Why dost thou still look anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
No human storm has rudely for the grave
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
The best has fled: the worst has yet to come.
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
And there alone, we know untroubled rest.
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Death is the only friend that never betrays.
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Yet from a friend and foe, he impartially visits
To be sure of his work invisible, he is.
To hear about a friend, concealed with grass.
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Yet stay with picked grasp, to torture and
And about a friend, concealed with grass.
Death comes not. Each hour breaks over it comes.
And yet not one of 35,000 days
How few to come with words! Less than one hour.
Is it the human eyes that thou dreadest?
Why dost thou look so anxiously on the earth?

Gems from the Poets.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

BY MARY TIGHE.

Injured, heedless, faint, and weary,
Sad, outspirited, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Pictured in that bursting eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,—
Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies!
Death, with deep despair assails her,
Fiercer as the sun doth rise.

From the dreadful image flying,
What she rashest from the sight;
In the agonies of dying,
Can she see her soul's delight!

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandoned soul! look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the angel of the Lord
Comes the quiet distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word,
See divine relief is near.

"Cast off Hagar!" though man forsake thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From thy desert, see awaits thee
To thy rescued child return.

Lift those eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling amid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath you sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease

In the hour of sore affliction,
God hath seen and pitied thee;
Trust thou in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

"Be no more by Sarah frowned,
Mother of a mighty race!
By unerring no more upproved
Thou hast found a resting place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Hagar, poor and friendless, found
Heavenly joy, till justified to Heaven
Found thou, in thy abject state

Only the empty pitcher, mourning,
Mid the desert of the world;
Thou, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy chastised penitence banished

But thy grave silenced sighs,
Unlike them from thy sorrow vain;
Bade them on his love rely,
Bless the ministry pain.

From shine eyes the tear dispelling,
Lo! the wild of life let shine
In his presence ever dwelling,
Safe from God thy true resource.

Future prospects rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes await;
Store of rainbow joys possessing,
Be heavenly kingdom sure.

Selected Tales.

FROM THE HOME AND STORE MAGAZINE.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Daffydowndilly was so called, because in his nature he resembled a flower, and because it was not what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him to learn the business of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best, affirmed that Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had already spent more ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big ones as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, the clerks of all schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom, with a stern and lofty mien and in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy, whose Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he pounded a great thick book upon the desk, to astonish the idle learners; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and zealously to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her infinite joy. It is wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a awful change, to be sent away from so good a lad a side, and put under the care of this ugly-tempered schoolmaster who never gave anybody sugar-plums, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get learning.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his journey without any stock, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and solemn appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Not did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find a new place in the world, where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again. "But, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Turn we will no more to say for it; however, we had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of less ugly, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chosen pebbles, or had some other such little things to render the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand, that he should get along through the world much easier, by means of experience to whom he can be way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had gone far, when the road passed by a field where some hay-makers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the newly-mown grass, and thought that so much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing merrily in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, where it was always dull day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone-wall, he startled back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Good lack!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will come on!"

"Who?—Mr. Toil?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly, in great haste to be off. "Don't you see him, yonder?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field and the new-planted elm trees on the road-side. He had stopped to rest his hoe and scythe, and was lonely at work in his shirt-sleeves. The form of every one of his features, at home, but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept right on with his labor in such a manner as to make the elm whistle. Now, strange to say, the figure and the manner of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at the moment, was certainly not many miles from entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid of him, my little friend!" said he. "For it is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has lived a quieter and happier life than Mr. Toil, and consequently has grown more kind to the young. However, he don't exactly like to see anybody idle, and therefore I think you had better not let him see you."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, and was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the farmer, who bore such a very singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but a little further, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly stopped to look at them; for he was ingenuous, for it was a very pretty sight to see how readily the workmen used their tools, with their saws and axes, and plane, and hammers, shaping out the timbers, and putting in the window-casings, and nailing on the clapboards, and all the while whistling or singing, or talking merrily to one another. Daffydowndilly thinking that he should like to take a brush at a saw, a plane, or a hammer, and to learn such a trade himself. And there, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to come to disturb him.

But just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him start off in a hurry, as suddenly as if he had seen a thief.

"Make haste!" quoth quick!" cried he. "There let is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he has overtaken us, in some unperceived way, the old schoolmaster, or sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger saw the man whom Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw no more likely man in a carpenter's cap and frock-trousers in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, hammering parts of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and occasionally whistling the other carpenters to be diligent. And whenever he turned his head and watched them, he was annoyed to find that they had a taskmaster over them, and noticed, and hammered, and planed, as if he were all eyes.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter!"

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of the way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly hastened to say, that a young blacksmith, who resided in the neighborhood, was to be married to-day, and that they might not miss seeing the children. Accordingly, they went on what their friend could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front, marched the commander of the band, twirling his cane about, and playing on their fife with might and main, and making such a lively noise, that little Daffydowndilly would gil ally have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was much delighted, then, he could to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice, which had spoken to the soldiers, sounded precisely like that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, looking at his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a sword on one and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a pouch and sword belt on, and a long sword instead of a birch rod in his hand! And though he had his head as high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was bearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly in a terrible fright, "and he has come to be captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, a sword on one and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a pouch and sword belt on, and a long sword instead of a birch rod in his hand! And though he had his head as high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was bearing lessons in the schoolroom.

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"Is he not exactly like Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening he cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom, about the middle of the day, he took for none of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and looking as much like a schoolmaster as disagreeable as if he had been a fiddler all his life? He had conquered at the air of a Frenchman, and still called himself Monsieur le Pinair; but he had none of it. Toil, and the fiddler-bow turned out to be much less disagreeable than his brothers.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child was quite faint with fatigue, and with the heat and dust and tattered garments, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and lowest, and most ragged lumpish of all those lazy and lumpish people, who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, indeed, but Mr. Toil himself, with a great wig on his head!

"Why, that is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was lord and lady, when he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Idleness de Noone. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the world."

"Oh, take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is really such a place as purgatory, I am sure that I shall go back to the schoolroom!"

"Come! come!" said the stranger, "don't be cowardly!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled only a little instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school soonest."

There was something in his companion's voice that quieted Daffydowndilly's fears immediately; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Was it, indeed, possible that this fine gentleman was the likeness of old Mr. Toil, so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was afraid of meeting him? Yes, indeed, it was people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, and of a quarter of a mile, and pronounced the power of enlightening himself to be much greater than that of Mr. Toil.

But this is it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good deal, nevertheless, and was much wiser than he had been before. He learned to know that diligence is a much more welcome thing than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he came to think him a very worthy man, and a very good friend, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation was as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

The Humorist.

LEGAL WHISKERS.

An old Irish suit was one lawyer and a client sat. Talking of the and than of that.
"Now, my friend," said the lawyer, "I can tell which is first a fine
Just by looking at your whiskers, for they're different quite
From those of your late partner's, my learned brother.
What one of him have there's any
Those whiskers, I'll be bound, are a client's due.
Had commenced much your cheek."
"Faith, sir," said the client, "you're right
To where the other answer gave,
With look half sorry and half grave,
"Though others be by whiskers graced,
Your whiskers are by me placed."

A fellow who was considered "rather soft" speaking to another day of the many inventions and improvements which were daily coming out, and the generation, excitingly wound up with, "Well, for my part, I don't expect anything more will come out now—but—there's my father, he knows a man's my great head, and I believe he thinks we have not seen the end." "My dear sir," said a bystander, "what a fine young grandfather must have been!"

It takes Yankees to outdoing all creation. A writer at a late race in England, asked an American if he had ever seen such horses in his country? "Seen such! Jonathan. — Why, I guess we have—I reel a horse that can run a mile in a minute, start the fair before the sun shadow, and land it a quarter of a mile at the first fair."

A traveling merchant, when a pedler, asked an itinerant peddler the price of a pair of beds. "Five dollars," was the reply. "Why, my friend," said the merchant, "you might buy them for sixpence a piece." "Why then," replied the peddler, "you may purchase them!" "Come we have no sixpence, my friend!"

A few years ago, a couple went to a country parson to get married. The man was a rough, and the marriage service, the minister asked the bridegroom if he would have Mary. "Will them have me, sir, to be the wedded wife?" he readily answered. "I'll be the husband I am come for."

"I really cannot say, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to an empty beg. "I am rather of a nervous nature, and the sight of a beggar makes me faint, and I am always afraid of my life that I never shall be strong enough." "Oh, sir," said the beggar, "I never ask to such a thing as that."

Sir Robert shortsighted, Ireland, was the following: "Sir Robert, I am a poor man, and have a large family to support, and my father and mother were drowned in their passage from Ireland. Had they had lived they would have been a hundred here."

What a curious thing a Printer is. He stands all day, and sits all night, he walks and runs, and he wishes to sit with case he always stands erect. He is always in the office, and he is still he cannot keep to stand.

Bedlam paper says:—"The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, as Lawyers, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. Robert Halliday, merchant, has been this day dismissed by mutual consent."

Papa, the temperance men say they put no wood on port wine. Is that wood they want now or when it is manufactured, and put on to boil?

Finche losing acquaint by a lady said, "I have heard of farther and fatherless—you are the cream of the mother and the flower of the other."

Why are some ladies the very opposite of their mirror? Because the one reflects without talking, and the other talks without reflecting.

Ain't it wanted to rule the heavens, Jem?" "Don't a good moral question, Sambo—hand down another pickle."

Finche is a man in Vermont who swears so hard that every time he exasperates he pitches a cuss.

The Albany Microscope describes a fellow who has such a long nose that he can't hear himself sneeze.

Wo-en, of the Pawtuxet Banner, tells an account of a young Irishman who recently underwent examination at Capt. Dale, preparatory to the practice of law. Among other questions, Prof. Hall asked: "You, said the candidate for legal honors. "Give us your reason." said the lawyer. "What," said Pat, "because the law considers, that he sees stay-log of a man's leg." "That is right," said the lawyer.

We were amused with a remark that we heard in the street last night. "Hello, Bill!" said a fellow to one of his acquaintance, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you had been trying to swallow a lamp post, "is that your case?" Not exactly," said the viper one, "but I have one upon it."

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician called to see him in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "I have a cough easier coughing, as I have been practising all night."

A goose of Cincinnati was recently noticed with a pair of spectacles on, and a pencil over his ear. The defendant remarked that he thought it would be well for the goose to have a pair of *slate*tor.

A clergyman being complained of by another, for drawing away his parishioners on a Sunday, made this reply. "Feed your flock better, then they won't stray."

Why are ladies like stage-drivers? Because their first object is to secure the mail.

From the Mouthlies.

FROM ODDEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR SEPTEMBER.

YSLA DE CUBA.

(A MOONLIGHT SCENE HASTILY SKETCHED FROM THE FORETOP-SAIL YARD.)

BY A POOR SCHOLAR.

Now always the night on Yula Cuba's shores!
Now shines the moon in all that clime adores!
And the cool season a flood of silver pours,
And on the ocean, and the mountain's brow,
Seems Cuba crowned with purple diadem!
And the Queen Star, that erst in Venus' sky
Robed, vouchsafed on dancy cloud! Since so many a gem
Is to be found in Cuba's fair sky-crown?
Oh! 'tis a lovely land—and Isles of the deep!

In green savannas, where all day long sleeping—
No fold save the broad canopy of night,
Where, stirred by no breeze, the tall grass bends
Herdsman and ranches sleep as her pure light!
Where the tall palm-tree, like a feather fan
Towering in pictures through the orange bower,
And fanning all the perfumed air around!
That one the petals of the half-closed flower,
And fanning for the rest the midnight's sweet!

And where a fair Cubana now is sleeping—
Her head upon her lily-white arm reclining!
The moon's pale messengers have stole keeping
Across the bed of her dreams with silver light!
Her dark yet brilliant orb no more love gleaming;
Her lips no more with rosy smiles wreathed!
The curtain of the soul—while lamply dreaming
Of the real scene of her waking hours!
Far from that beauteous city; or strays it but in dreams?

Oh! that the working fiend could ever enter
To dim the luxuries of this lovely isle!
That the foul curse of Slavery could not blight
Whose skies are ever radiant with a sun!
Whose fields are ever fragrant with the lily!
The sterling love of liberty is there!
Yet now—the fiend is roaring from his lair.
And Cuba's sons and daughters yet shall wreath
Serenading in pictures through the orange bower,
And fanning all the perfumed air around!

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The Farmer.

THE HEN AND KITTENS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A few weeks ago I was at the residence Mr. Barney, pastor of the Methodist Church in Keyport, N. J. He invited me into a little shed, and there showed me a curiosity—a curiosity couple of animal united. It was a hen and kitten. The hen had taken to the kitten as far as they would receive it, the gave them the same attention as to her own chicks. She would spread her wings and cover them, and allow them to come out and run about. She would feed them with corn, and dig, as they had used. It is a singular fact, that the hen, as soon as she left them, mother could they follow her to her mother-hood.

The little things lived as do other kittens, by suckling, but the hen was their only mother. Whether she had any milk for them, I could not learn, but she shrunk from no task that would contribute to their comfort. Occasionally, on examining the beauty how dam she was, I found her with one of the kittens in her mouth. Every girl is tolerably pretty now. Everybody is fond of the kittens, and the hen was fond of them. There is no saddening higher than every young boy's heart, than to see a mother caring for her young. Let any "so sweet" with another. Fleas are for dog and cat, and lice for poultry—both these are provided by the instinct kind. Nobody had attentions to the hen, and nobody thought of her having any prejudice or favor, and everybody knows recognized her maternal relation to the very ugly. Having been supplied under the old system, they were necessarily somewhat offended now, and the more put them to the test. Now, I am not going to tell you, reader, naturally reasoning forced conclusion from the two single facts. We all know that the hen has been for years—several hundred—and women whom she has been a mother to the kittens, and that the kittens of course they follow her to her mother-hood night's sleep.

What a beauty at flamingo—enough, indeed, for all purposes of dreaming in walking. The ball at the Opera House—the Opera—the Park—are only ugly beloved, and at the concert of Castellan—to Saturday, where I am to be present—